

The Louisville Courier-Journal

NEED PUBLISHING COMPANY.
(Incorporated)
200 West Third Street, Louisville, Ky.
Subscription Rates:—
Yearly, in advance, \$5.00
Six Months, " " 3.00
Three Months, " " 1.50
Single Copies, 5 Cts.
Remittance by express or registered mail.
All advertisements at regular rates.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.

THESE
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square, first insertion, 10c per line.
Second insertion, 7c per line.
Third insertion, 5c per line.
Longer advertisements for long periods
made at special rates.
Local notices 5c per line.
Business notices 10c per line.
All advertisements at regular rates.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.
No ad. taken for less than 10 lines.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907

CARLISLE, like a burnt child, dreads the fire. More bonds, to him, have an ominous sound.

It can be had for the asking almost—the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1906.

The Republicans of this state should hold an early convention and they eventually will for at this writing everything points that way.

The Sturge's Enterprise has changed its name and management, but the politics of the paper remain unchanged. H. A. Curd, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience has charge and what was once the Enterprise is now to be the Ledger.

There are more Republican aspirants for State offices in Kentucky than ever before known. This fact alone bespeaks well for the State's future, politically. If it is God's will that the Democrats in Kentucky be tutored under the November, there is no power on earth to prevent the turning down.

Under the Gorman Tariff many farmers are given free work, but the poor laborer is given starvation wages. These are the New Year's gifts of the dishonest old Democracy. Benefits to the rich corporations, but conditions for the poor, misery to the wage earner; and there are millions of poor unemployed workmen suffering in this country today from cold, who are unable to buy the cheap wools of the cheaply manufactured democracy. Their loss of work is the result of the theft of Cleveland, Gorman and Wilson.

It has just come to light that an Alabama woman, who was kissed, proceeded to raise a fuss about it. The particulars are about as follows: "She was a passenger on the Louisville and Nashville the other day; so were a young couple just married. The train was passing through a tunnel and the groom, who had left his wife's seat, just behind the lady, returned to it, as he thought in the darkness, and proceeded to kiss his newly wedded bride. About this time the train emerged from the tunnel and disclosed that his supposed bride was a young widow, and the young widow had \$10,000 damages for the mistake and will not admit that the act was not intentional.

It can be truthfully said that the Republicans of this state are preparing for an aggressive fight in the next state campaign. Already quite a number of the best and ablest willings, and several have been known their intention to make for the various state of the Louisville next fall. Grayson, a candidate for State Treasurer in Geo. W. Loe's camp, has declared himself a candidate for that office subject to the action of the State Convention. Hon. N. B. Chambers, a prominent young member of the bar of Hancock County has announced his candidacy for Register of the Land Office of Kentucky subject to the action of his party. A ticket headed by Hon. W. O. Bradley for governor and, for the various other offices, men of the highest caliber and of the highest ability are being named for the next campaign.

An Unusual Order.

British trade papers are noticing that the Johnson Company of Ohio have given Galloway, Limited, of Manchester, an order for a pair of roller mill engines, which are probably as large as any that have ever been made in connection with roller plant. One of the papers, with that brutal frankness that they assume when disgusted with the provincial spirit of their countrymen, delivered a stinging rebuke to the Johnson Company.

Such an order as this from the United States is very unusual, as in certain cases, such as in the case of the Johnson Company, it is brought to a very high degree of perfection.

The only, as said, is very unusual and the circumstances are very unusual. A man with more than average business ability has been secured, from English sources, and he is a great thinker. In the character of a philosopher he goes to Manchester and engages machinery to enable him to manufacture iron and steel in Ohio. No man in America will get as much for his money as this man. This move, nor will any American storekeeper sell goods to the people who earn wages and profit from the making of the engines. All those coalfields go to Louisville with the money that have been brightened so many times in these hard times.

A Different Way of Doing Things.
Henry Clay Evans, November last, elected Governor of Tennessee. Of that there is no reasonable doubt. That he was elected, on the face of the official returns, there is no possible shadow of doubt. Nobody ventures to dispute it. He is the first man elected to be seated as Governor of the State. But he is a Republican and Tennessee has not been a Democratic State. The Democratic leaders who are now in the State, and the State Legislature are there, planning to keep him out of the office to which he was honestly elected. Of this party they make no secret, and they are actually at this time in their attempt to put it into effect.

James H. Budd was on the same day in November elected Governor of California. He was elected, and he is now in the office. He is a Republican and California has not been a Democratic State. The Democratic leaders who are now in the State, and the State Legislature are there, planning to keep him out of the office to which he was honestly elected. Of this party they make no secret, and they are actually at this time in their attempt to put it into effect.

The above is the true statement of affairs as they exist in both Tennessee and California. Similar in one respect but widely different in another.

What would Jackson, the founder of the "populist" Democracy (but few of the Jeffersonian kind) say to his followers in Tennessee, who propose to let the governorship of that state? What could he say could he return to the scene of his life and see what he had never seen in his day and generation—an infamous steal? Andrew Jackson has never been classed as a thief nor would he sanction such school of his party. He would be alive, as he thought in the darkness, and proceeded to kiss his newly wedded bride. About this time the train emerged from the tunnel and disclosed that his supposed bride was a young widow, and the young widow had \$10,000 damages for the mistake and will not admit that the act was not intentional.

No exponent of democracy in this (Hopkins) county has yet seen fit to endorse these acts committed by our neighbors. They say opinion whatever, bearing upon this matter, been expressed by the noble defender of Democratic principles.

In line of duty some expression should be made no matter what the effect may be on the general result.

An Old Story Retold.
The opportunities afforded the importers of silk by the "Perfidy and Dishonor" Tariff are numerous, and they are being taken advantage of to the fullest extent. Undoubtedly more money is made of course and as honest men have no show. Through the medium of resident agents the foreign manufacturer floods the market at prices limited only by the greed of the custom house broker as a "weaver." Invoices that are correct as being correct, but the forms when once clear of the custom house, and the saving on the part of the importer and the taxpayer is a continually expanding loss to the taxpayers of the Louisville and Nashville.

A large New York dry goods store sent a buyer to the Canton market a short time since, but to his dismay he found that he could not purchase the goods he wanted to lay down in New York at prices that would compete with others in the trade. How to get over it the buyer could not tell. The prices named him at the mills were as low as the market would allow, but the seller cut the Gordian knot by naming a price in London and cents, delivered at the buyer's store in New York. That was entirely satisfactory and the purchase was made. The rest of the story is a tale of valorous, custom house saving and "Revenue" Tariff—American Economy.

THE PRESIDENT'S IMMEDIATE FAMILY, but there is no room to devote to the National's hospitality, and in entertaining visiting dignitaries this quarter meets at a hotel.

For the larger reception of the space is quite insufficient for the official part of the President's family is exactly as it was a hundred years ago. Mr. Cleveland has taken the bill by the horns in his castle, and he has secured a house out of town, to which he goes even when there is an important state paper to prepare. But this temporary arrangement does not solve the question for the future. It is to be hoped some Congress President, in defiance of philistine sentiment, will furnish and fund a rural something is done to improve the condition of the family old house which is a disgrace to a great and rich Nation.

Senators Cockrell, Gorman, and Jones, democrats, and Senator Allison, republican, in an informal meeting a few days ago discussed the prospects of correcting the present tariff law by amendments to the tariff deficiency bill. The presence of Mr. Allison was requested, because it was believed that he would know the sentiment of the republicans on the subject. After the conference it was stated that no attempt would be made to make the corrections. It was un-expected that Mr. Allison rather guardedly expressed the opinion that the republicans would not look with favor upon the amendment scheme, and the democratic leaders who had assembled to discuss the subject, took it as their opinion that there would be no serious effort made to pass any tariff legislation this session, even in the way of amendment.

Home and Abroad. It is the day of everyone, whether at home or traveling for pleasure or business. Money is scarce, and will keep up enough and plentiful, and care such as it is available to the traveler. Hosts of Saratoga keep the blood pure and fast to absorb the germs of disease.

Host's Pills are made, made, made in proportion and appearance. 25c per bottle.

Down in the Mins.

The late heavy snow, followed by rain, has been welcomed by those mine owners, who have been compelled to haul water for some purposes.

Geo. C. Aikin, Secretary of the National Coal Association, has been called to Louisville to attend to business.

The Barrenness miners are right when they claim a distillery being located at that point. Money is scarce, and will keep up enough and plentiful, and care such as it is available to the traveler. Hosts of Saratoga keep the blood pure and fast to absorb the germs of disease.

It is stated that on account of very high water the Pittsburgh coal dealers are afraid to start their barges to the Ohio, leaving a wreck of their coal barges.

The submarine coal ships of the East have determined to hold their Western agents responsible for short weights by hauling freight to the Ohio, leaving a wreck of their coal barges.

America, according to a report based on official reports, exports yearly about 1,000,000 tons of coal, which is imported here 1,000,000 tons, which shows big odds in our favor.

Patrick McFadyr, Secretary of the Mining Association of New Orleans, who has been here, has no love for either Hayes or Sorensen of the K. of L., and the way he poses his little bit of information.

"To the honor of Hayes & Co., our mine owners have no love for either Hayes or Sorensen of the K. of L., and the way he poses his little bit of information.

The miners' delegates were not the committee to the Ohio, leaving a wreck of their coal barges.

Brother Wetters, in the presence of the miners' delegates, was demanded from Hayes how long he was going to be kept out of his right to be a member of the mine.

"Hayes replied he did not give a damn for rights, that right or wrong, Wetters was a member of the mine, and he would not let him be kept out of his right to be a member of the mine.

The reason was made manifest. There were 25 delegates present, 25 of whom were from the Ohio, leaving a wreck of their coal barges.

Hayes was asked the question, whether he was going to be kept out of his right to be a member of the mine.

Hayes replied he did not give a damn for rights, that right or wrong, Wetters was a member of the mine, and he would not let him be kept out of his right to be a member of the mine.

The reason was made manifest. There were 25 delegates present, 25 of whom were from the Ohio, leaving a wreck of their coal barges.

Hayes was asked the question, whether he was going to be kept out of his right to be a member of the mine.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.
BY REV. F. W. LLOYD.
Through cold and frost, on plowless feet, He guides the great machine. Along the track of shining rail, His countless life between. Till it comes around to the edge of time, His soul's white life.

In Dark midnight, or bright daylight This brave and daring man In his castle, along his engine's road, How nobly and how grand While we lie fast in refreshing sleep, He is at his post, day long.

He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps Through sun and shade, around the grade And every curve he conquers.

The throttle holds, the train controls, And constant vigil keeps. Straight through the rest, we call the cue But not the engine's soul.

Like a racing steed, he waits for the gun, From tunnel's light, he waits for the gun, She comes with roaring sound, And then she's off, with belch and cough To play with Nature's strength.

When she strikes her pace at the stopping place, The village crowd is wild. One pulls the string, the ball day ring, And slowly off she goes.

This hardy man, with iron heart, Agitates the world, he waits for the gun, With mighty sound, she strikes the ground, And on, the white horse.

Then while we sing of bright and long, And of the engine's soul, We will not forget the honest day, We own to the engine.

Along the track, he waits for the gun, Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.
BY REV. F. W. LLOYD.
Through cold and frost, on plowless feet, He guides the great machine. Along the track of shining rail, His countless life between. Till it comes around to the edge of time, His soul's white life.

In Dark midnight, or bright daylight This brave and daring man In his castle, along his engine's road, How nobly and how grand While we lie fast in refreshing sleep, He is at his post, day long.

He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps Through sun and shade, around the grade And every curve he conquers.

The throttle holds, the train controls, And constant vigil keeps. Straight through the rest, we call the cue But not the engine's soul.

Like a racing steed, he waits for the gun, From tunnel's light, he waits for the gun, She comes with roaring sound, And then she's off, with belch and cough To play with Nature's strength.

When she strikes her pace at the stopping place, The village crowd is wild. One pulls the string, the ball day ring, And slowly off she goes.

This hardy man, with iron heart, Agitates the world, he waits for the gun, With mighty sound, she strikes the ground, And on, the white horse.

Then while we sing of bright and long, And of the engine's soul, We will not forget the honest day, We own to the engine.

Along the track, he waits for the gun, Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.
BY REV. F. W. LLOYD.
Through cold and frost, on plowless feet, He guides the great machine. Along the track of shining rail, His countless life between. Till it comes around to the edge of time, His soul's white life.

In Dark midnight, or bright daylight This brave and daring man In his castle, along his engine's road, How nobly and how grand While we lie fast in refreshing sleep, He is at his post, day long.

He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps Through sun and shade, around the grade And every curve he conquers.

The throttle holds, the train controls, And constant vigil keeps. Straight through the rest, we call the cue But not the engine's soul.

Like a racing steed, he waits for the gun, From tunnel's light, he waits for the gun, She comes with roaring sound, And then she's off, with belch and cough To play with Nature's strength.

When she strikes her pace at the stopping place, The village crowd is wild. One pulls the string, the ball day ring, And slowly off she goes.

This hardy man, with iron heart, Agitates the world, he waits for the gun, With mighty sound, she strikes the ground, And on, the white horse.

Then while we sing of bright and long, And of the engine's soul, We will not forget the honest day, We own to the engine.

Along the track, he waits for the gun, Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.
BY REV. F. W. LLOYD.
Through cold and frost, on plowless feet, He guides the great machine. Along the track of shining rail, His countless life between. Till it comes around to the edge of time, His soul's white life.

In Dark midnight, or bright daylight This brave and daring man In his castle, along his engine's road, How nobly and how grand While we lie fast in refreshing sleep, He is at his post, day long.

He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps Through sun and shade, around the grade And every curve he conquers.

The throttle holds, the train controls, And constant vigil keeps. Straight through the rest, we call the cue But not the engine's soul.

Like a racing steed, he waits for the gun, From tunnel's light, he waits for the gun, She comes with roaring sound, And then she's off, with belch and cough To play with Nature's strength.

When she strikes her pace at the stopping place, The village crowd is wild. One pulls the string, the ball day ring, And slowly off she goes.

This hardy man, with iron heart, Agitates the world, he waits for the gun, With mighty sound, she strikes the ground, And on, the white horse.

Then while we sing of bright and long, And of the engine's soul, We will not forget the honest day, We own to the engine.

Along the track, he waits for the gun, Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

Through sun and shade, around the grade, He never swerves, but rounds the curve With lightning speed he sweeps.

ELECTROPOISE
CURES DISEASE.
The Electrophone gave me complete relief from excruciating pain in three applications. I also find it good for treating children for their numerous ailments. (C. T. Soden, with Bridgeford & Co., Louisville, Ky.)

Mr. G. W. Flint, of skylight, Ky., says: "I suffered for years with my kidney, inflammation of the bladder and enlargement of the prostate gland. After a short trial of the Electrophone I am entirely relieved, and feel twenty years younger."

I have derived more benefit from the use of Electrophone than from all other remedies combined. I think it the greatest invention of the age. It can not be praised too highly. (Mrs. M. E. Gorman, Sadeville, Ky., August 20.)

John H. Davis, Esq., of Harboursville, Ky.: "The Electrophone is the best all-around doctor I know of. My wife suffered from effects of a grippa for several years; also a complication of other ailments. Now all is better. Indigestion bothered me in a great deal, am now well. One of my neighbors is using it for heart trouble, and reports improvement."

As a curative agent the Electrophone can not be equaled. Nearly one-half have been put out of this office in the last three months. Electrophone put out for four months for \$10. See a valuable book free. DUOBLE & WEBB, 509 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

TRIUMPH GUITAR
With Tone Such as No Other Guitar Possesses. IT IS THE ONLY GUITAR THAT CAN BE PLAYED BY ANYONE. (J. H. HARRIS, 1011 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.)

Thos. D. Walker, Alias "Old John," is still in the lead with a complete stock of Stoves, & Castings, Tinware, Repairing and Roofing a Specialty.

LOW CASH SALES AND PROFIT SMALL. Increase the percentage of all. Earlington, Ky.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE
SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY
For all kinds of Catarrh, Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, etc. It is the only remedy that can be used by anyone. (J. H. HARRIS, 1011 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.)

L. & N. RAILROAD
THE GREAT THROUGH TRUNK LINE
between the cities of Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans, Without Change! AND SPEED UNRIVALED.

SHORTER AND QUICKEST ROUTE From St. Louis, Evansville and Henderson to the SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH! THROUGH COACHES From above cities to Nashville and Chattanooga, making direct connection WITH PULLMAN PALACE CARS For Atlanta, Savannah, Marco, Jacksonville and Points in FLORIDA.

Connections are made at Guthrie and Nashville for all points North, East, South and West, in Pullman Palace Cars. EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates. See agents of this company for rates, routes, etc., or write to C. P. ATHER, C. P. A. T. A., Louisville, Kentucky.

YOUR ORDER 203 JOB WORK Will receive prompt attention at this office.

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907.

